A Heart So Colourful ♡

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A Heart So Colourful ♡

by lumosatnight

Summary

Rita Skeeter's article dropped on Tuesday afternoon. By Wednesday morning, it was posted all over Hogwarts. Not even Filch's personal quarters had been overlooked (though why a student would risk sneaking in there, Merlin only knew). By Thursday, even the professors were talking about it. By Friday, the Minister, himself, was Flooing his associates across the pond.

Viktor Krum was gay, and he had asked Ronald Weasley to the Yule Ball.

Notes

This story is dedicated to CBG because she knows I LOVE rainbows. Happy Birthday, you lovely amazing human! You have been such a joy to work with, and I'm so happy to call you my fandom friend ✨💖. The smut scene is an extended version of my Ron/Viktor microfic which I knew you enjoyed 😉. Also, I'm sorry if this story skips all over the place. There were a lot of things I wanted to write and just not enough time! But still, I hope you like it 😍.

Written for the CoMS Pride Bingo 🌈 event! I vaguely fulfilled the prompts *coming out, rainbow shots, beads,* and *come in me, bro.* Although I did tweak the prompts a little bit. And because I am a literal child, here is my bingo card drawn in a *very* specific shape hehe.

▶ **See bingo card. Click to expand.**

See the end of the work for more notes

The Yule Ball

Red - life

“Hey, mate—Can I call you mate?—Err, I was wondering if, uhhh—“

“You vanted to go to the dance together?”

“Err…”

“…”

“Well, sure, but actually I was asking if I could get your autogr—“

“Vonderful. I will meet you at seven.”

Viktor slouched away, Ron’s cheeks a bright red. Harry raised an eyebrow at him. Seamus gave him a hearty slap on the back while Dean smirked. Neville offered a tentative smile.

A beetle fluttered on a nearby sill.

🌈

Orange - healing

It wasn't long before Rita Skeeter's article appeared in the Daily Prophet.

Harry dropped the newspaper across Ron's plate at breakfast.

"Hey," he said, squinting behind his thick glasses, "you alright? I know you didn't want to tell anyone."

"Yeah," said Ron, taking another bite of Cheery-Owls and purposely pushing the paper aside. "Yeah. It's… yeah."

"I just don't know how she knows," said Hermione, plopping down on his other side.

"Magic?" Harry suggested.

"Spies?" Ron added.

"But *how* does she know?" Hermione chugged the rest of her orange juice, slamming the glass down on the table. She grabbed a book from her bag, scribbling frantically on an already well-marked page. "I'm going to find out," she said determinedly.

Yellow - sun

Viktor looked radiant. It was like God themself had shone a sunbeam down, making him the spotlight of Ron's attention.

"You look great," said Ron, doing his best not to stutter in the presence of his Quidditch idol—his Quidditch idol in very dashing formal wear.

"And you look"—Viktor's thick brows pulled together as he took in Ron's maroon dress robes —"interesting."

"Erm… thanks?"

Viktor slowly shook his head. "Interesting is good," he said, extending a robed arm, "much better than boring."

"Err, right," said Ron, taking his arm.

Holy codswallop, he was touching Viktor Krum's arm.

"Are you ready?" Viktor took Ron's hand, placed the other around his waist, and led him onto the dance floor.

Ron looked at him and got lost in those dark brooding eyes for a second. Had Viktor asked him a question? He didn't remember.

The music started, and they were pulled into a jaunty waltz. He hardly noticed Harry dancing with his date, Cho, a few steps away. Even Fleur, part Veela that she was, blended into the background, Cedric's arm around her waist.

A camera flashed from somewhere across the room.

Green - nature

“My family has a garden like this.” Viktor touched the green leaf. They were meandering around the grounds, stopping by the gardens for a bit of peace and quiet.

“Yeah?” said Ron. He was trying to get the image of Cedric’s hand inching lower on Harry’s back out of his mind. After the Triwizard competitors had switched dates for the second dance, some of them (ahem, Harry) had refused to switch back, causing quite the stir. Although, Cho and Fleur hadn’t looked too put out, falling into each other’s arms and giggling like five year olds.

“I used to go there and practise my drills.” Viktor dropped the leaf, letting it fall and curl back to its original position. Ron could picture a young Viktor, zooming around his backyard as his stern father watched.

“Did you always want to be a professional Quidditch player?” asked Ron. He was curious. Who wouldn’t be?

“Yes.” Viktor moved closer on the bench. “And I always get vat I want.”

Ron held his breath as Viktor leaned in.

Blue - harmony

“Had a good night, then?” Hermione’s voice drifted over from the fire. She was wrapped in a fuzzy blanket, the elaborate curls in her hair now undone to reveal her natural frizz.

Ron cleared his throat. “Uh, yeah. And you? How was your night?”

“Padma and I had a lot of fun.” She opened up a corner of the blanket, beckoning Ron into its cocoon of warmth.

“And Harry? How was his night?” He settled in, muscles instantly relaxing as he curled into Hermione’s side.

“Oh, Harry had a great time. I’m sure the Prophet will go on all about it tomorrow.”

Yeah, Ron was sure Harry had a *great* time with *not* his date. “So, he’s done chasing blue skirts, then? That’s all over with?”

Hermione grinned, self-satisfied and all-knowing. “I don’t think it was the skirts he was chasing.”

Ron pictured Cedric’s hand on Harry’s thigh, Harry whispering in his ear right before Viktor pulled him outside. “Wasn’t blue either, was it?” Ron said, voice smug.

Hermione laughed and pinched him on the arm.

Purple - spirit

“You vill write to me?” Viktor clasped him on the shoulder.

“Yeah,” said Ron, trying not to melt under his intense gaze. “I will. I promise.”

“Good.” Viktor gave his shoulder a squeeze. “I vill see you soon, then.”

During their last walk around the grounds, Viktor had left him a notebook inlaid with dried purple flowers. “For you to remember me,” he had said, dark eyes shining. Looking at Viktor’s burly shoulders slouching away, no one would know the tender heart underneath, but *Ron* knew.

He didn’t know what the next few years would bring, but he knew Viktor’s heart and his friends would be with him the whole time.

Many Years Later

Multicoloured

It had taken ten confusing, terrifying years, but Ron and Viktor finally found each other again.

It was at Fleur and Cho's engagement party. They had gotten engaged at least five times now, but Cho had assured Ron, "No, no. *This* time is the one. We've already booked a Port-Key to France, so we can get married near Fleur's family."

Ron saw him as soon as he entered the room—so did everyone, really.

His hair was no longer short and dark; it was flowy and a mix of so many colours it looked like a painting. Gone, too, was the Durmstrang uniform, heavy furs and dark greys, and in its place were pastels, patterns, *colours.* A string of beads were looped around Viktor's neck, begging for Ron to grab them and pull him closer.

He drew the eye like metal to a magnet, like a moth to a flame.

Ron was no exception.

Rainbow

Ron should probably mind more that Viktor had caught the Snitch right from under Ron's nose. Being on opposing Quidditch teams, they only got to play against each other a couple times a season. And, every single time, Viktor seemed to get the better of him.

But it was hard to be upset when Viktor always apologised so sweetly.

"Say it again," Ron ordered, rocking his hips.

Under him, Viktor moaned. "I'm s-sorry."

"Good." Ron lowered himself, finally letting Viktor slide inside.

They groaned in unison, bodies connecting as one.

"Fuck," said Ron, lifting up and dropping back down. It was a pleasure like nothing else could compare. Sparks burst beneath Ron's eyelids, rainbow and incandescent.

It had been like that the first time, too, at Cho and Fleur's party, when Ron had pulled Viktor into their spare bedroom and immediately pinned him against the door. He didn't remember the exact details, just that he had come with Viktor sprawled across his back, his arse sore, his heart thrumming with contentment.

Ron revelled in the same feeling now—the burn of his thighs, the stretch of his rim as he let Viktor's cock move inside. Ron sped up his pace, dropping down onto Viktor's lap with more force on every slide.

Viktor's hips jerked to meet him, but Ron held him down, hands bracketing those angular hip bones. It was Viktor's fault the Chudley Cannons had lost the match. Ron wasn't about to let him off scot-free.

"Touch me," said Ron, voice coming out breathy but still commanding.

A large calloused hand wrapped around Ron's cock, tight strokes matching the speed of Ron's bouncing.

"Faster," he ordered and increased his speed to match.

Viktor was panting by now, face scrunched up in pleasure, flush bleeding down the expanse of his muscled chest. Ron knew he wouldn't last much longer, and neither would Ron.

"Come in me, come in me *now."* And Viktor did, body jerking from the force of it. Ron closed his eyes and bore down. He came across Viktor's fingers, cock still held in Viktor's tight grip.

Later, when the light was low, their drying come long past the point of discomfort, Ron removed himself from Viktor's chest. Viktor rolled off the bed and padded into the bathroom, Ron admiring his backside on the way.

"So," said Viktor, poking his head around the doorframe, toothbrush hanging out the side of his mouth, "vat will happen if I win the next match?"

Ron raised an eyebrow at him, the corner of his mouth pulling up into a smirk. "Is that what you want? You want me to *lose?"*

"I never lose." Viktor scowled. Ron had long ago developed a fondness for Viktor's sulking expression. He yanked the toothbrush out of his mouth and pointed it in Ron's direction. It would be threatening if not for his utter nakedness and the tender heart Ron knew lay underneath. Ron knew it was all part of his big tough Quidditch player facade.

"And I always get vat I want," he promised.

Yes, Ron knew that too.

End Notes

Happy Pride Month! *🌈 throws rainbows everywhere 🌈 *

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